

The Cadiz



Sentinel.

A POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL,

AND INSTRUCTIVE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Devoted to Politics, News, Morals, Literature, Science

Agricultural, Markets, History, Biography, Poetry, Amusements, &c.

VOL. 18.

CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1851.

NO. 6.

The Cadiz Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, WM. A. GILES, WM. J. BLAIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One dollar and fifty cents if paid during the year, or two dollars and a half after the year expires. This rule will be strictly adhered to. Any person procuring five or more copies for the same length of time, free.

THE RESTING PLACE.

BY CHARLES H. ALLEN.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roam,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Where billows round may play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary mind may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer "No!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with thy holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me in all thy round,
That thou hast seen some spot
Where mortal man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in awe,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
In there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love—best balm to mortal given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered "Yes, in Heaven!"

From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

MR. EDITOR:—The people that will take
snuff to excess ought to see what they are
coming to, and I cut from a newspaper the
following dialogue between Miss Grimes and
Miss Cummings, and send it to you for pub-
lication, that young snuff takers may have
an opportunity to take warning. I take a
pinch of snuff myself now and then, but
should be shocked indeed beyond expression
if I considered it possible that I should
ever get to such an extent as to make such
unmistakable work of my nose and nose as those
unfortunate females do! Snuff, however, is
an insidious operator, and none of us can
tell what we may be left to, under its in-
fluence. Rather than talk in the barbarous
lingo of those unfortunate sufferers, or rather
sufferers, I should rather confine myself to
three-punches a day—ten after each meal,
and three on going to bed. Why will
people be imprudent in such matters?

A FEMALE.

I sign myself in the strictest sense of the
word, A FEMALE.

A Scene between two Snuff Takers.

Good morning, Miss Grimes. How do
you do to-day?

Pretty well, Miss Grimes. I hope all are
well this morning.

Quite well, I thank you.

What paper was you reading when I called
on you, Miss Grimes?

Oh, I was reading the Yankee Blade.
It's an excellent paper, I think, don't you?

Yes, it's a funny paper, and has nice
stories and poetry. Do read us a little from
Grimes.

"I'll read a little poem; To By Bird To."

Do you remember, To, the
Whom we were young together,
How long we courted and dand,
For sold up under leather?

Oh, Miss Grimes that's too sentimental. Do
read a fuddy piece?

Well, here is a song. This must be fuddy.
It was written by Alice Carey:

"Where the blood is pale and
The heart has gone to flight,
Over the woods that web with darkness
The silent river vale.

I saw a maddid id the shadows,
Poetic softly to ad tie,
Ad the socks to her bosom,
Ad like a sudden over slow."

That's quite good, Miss Grimes, but I like
the anecdotes best, after all.

Well, there's an anecdote about Juddy
Lidd—last I read it, and now, I have got
such a bad cold.

And Juddy Lidd, I but read along and buy
such a bad cold, Miss Grimes.

Good morning, Miss Grimes.

The editor thinks himself wholly incom-
petent to advise in the above case. He
never takes snuff, though he cannot help
thinking that thirty pinches a day, (the three
on going to bed being omitted), ought to be
sufficient for those "females" who don't go
to bed alone. However, he ventures this
opinion with great diffidence. As to the
confusion of tongue exhibited by Miss Cum-
mings and Miss Grimes, it is not half so bad
as the affair that took place at the building
of Babel, several years ago, and it is hoped
no body will be frightened at it. The m's
and n's are not of much consequence; if
female snuff takers are repudiated the double
you matter would be much more serious.

KATE BELMONT.

OR,
MARRYING JUST FOR LOVE.

BY THE OLD "UN."

"Tell me, Charles, who is that fascinating
creature in blue that waltzes so divinely?"
asked young Frank Belmont of his friend,
Charles Hastings, as they stood "playing
wall-flower" for the moment at a military
ball.

"Julia Hentchot," answered Charles, with
a half sigh, "an old flame of mine. I pro-
posed but she refused me."

"On what ground?"

"Simply because I had a comfortable in-
come. Her head is full of romantic notions,
and she dreams of nothing but love in a cot-
tage. She contends that poverty is essen-
tial to happiness—and money is base."

"And so you have given up all hopes of
getting her?"

"All hopes—in fact I am engaged."

"Then you have no objections to my ad-
dressing this romantic angel?"

"None whatever. But I see my fiancé—
excuse me, I must walk through the next
quadrille with her."

Frank Belmont was a stranger in Boston—
a New Yorker—immensely rich and fash-
ionable, but his reputation had not preced-
ed him, and Charles Hastings was the only
man who knew him in New England.

He procured an introduction to the beau-
tiful one of the managers, and soon dan-
ced and talked himself into her good graces.
In fact it was a clear case of love at first sight
on both sides.

The enamored pair were setting apart
enjoying a most delightful tete-a-tete. Sud-
denly Belmont heaved a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh, Mr. Belmont?" asked
the fair Julia, somewhat pleased with this
proof of his sensibility. "Is not this a gay
scene?"

"Alas! yes," replied Belmont gloomily,
"but fate does not permit me to mingle li-
bally with scenes like this. This only
makes my ordinary life doubly gloomy—and
even here I seem to see the shadow of a
fiend waving me away. What right have I to
be here?"

"What fiend do you allude to?" asked Miss
Heathcote, with interest.

"A fiend hardly presentable in good society,"
replied Belmont bitterly. "One could
understand a Mephistopheles—a dignified fiend
with his pocket full of money—but my tor-
mentor, if personified, would appear with
seedy boots and a shocking bad hat."

"How absurd!"

"It is too true," sighed Belmont, "his name
is poverty."

"Are you poor?"

"Yes, madam. I am poor, and when I
saw would make myself agreeable in the
eyes of beauty—in the eyes of one I could
love, this fiend whispers in my ear, 'be-
ware! you have nothing to offer but love in a
cottage.'"

"Mr. Belmont," said Julia with sparkling
eyes and a voice of unusual animation, "al-
though there are a few sordid souls in this world,
who only judge of the merits of an individ-
ual by his pecuniary possessions, I am not
one of that number. I respect poverty;
there is something highly poetical about it,
and I imagine that happiness is often found
in the humble cottage than beneath
the palace roof."

Belmont appeared enchanted with this
avowal. The next day after exchanging his
friend Charles to say nothing of his actual
condition, he called on the widow Heathcote
and her fair daughter in the character
of the "poor gentleman."

The widow had very different notions from
her offspring, and when Belmont candidly
confessed his poverty requesting permission
to address Julia, he was very politely re-
quested to change the subject and never mention
it again.

The final result was an elopement, the
bells of the hall jumping out of the chamber
window on a sled and coming down a flight
of steps to reach her lover, for the sake of
being romantic, when she might just as well
have walked out of the front door.

The happy couple passed a day in New
York; and then Frank took his beloved to
his "cottage."

An Irish lack conveyed them to a misera-
ble shack in the environs of New York,
where they alighted, and Frank escorting his
bride into the apartment which served for
parlor, kitchen and drawing room, and was
neither papered or carpeted, introduced her
to his mother much in the way Claude Mel-
notte presents Pauline. The old woman,
who was peeling potatoes, hastily wiped her
face and hands with a greasy apron, and saluted
her daughter as she called her on both cheeks.

"And can it be possible," thought Julia,
"that this vulgar creature is my Belmont's
mother?"

"Frank," screamed the old woman, "you
had better go right up stairs and take off
them clothes—for the boy's been arter 'em
nearly fifty times." Frank, by way of ex-
planation, "to look smart when he went down
east."

The bridegroom retired on this hint, and
soon reappeared in a pair of rags, a ragged
black coat, and instead of his varnished
leather boots, a pair of immense cowhide
brogans.

"Now," said he, quietly seating himself
down by the cooking stove; "I began to feel
at home. Ah this is delightful, it is not,"
and he warbled.

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like
home."

Julia's heart swelled so that she could not
utter a word.

"Dearest Julia," said Frank, "I think
you told me, that you had no objection to
my smoking?"

"None in the least. In fact I rather like
the flavor of a cigar."

"O, cigar—that would never do for a
poor man," replied Frank.

And O, horror! He produced an old cigar

and filling it from a little newspaper parcel
of tobacco, began to smoke it with a keen
relish.

At length he exclaimed "dinner! ah! thank
you mother. I'm as hungry as a bear.
Codfish and potatoes, Julia—it is not very
tempting fare—but what of that? our aliment
is love."

"Yes—and by way of treat," added the
old woman, "I've bought a whole pint of Ai-
riane, and three cream cakes from the
candy shop below."

Poor Julia, who had been so kind as to
not eat a mouthful. Before Belmont how-
ever, the cod-fish and potatoes, and the ale
and cream cakes disappeared with a very
unromantic and unlover like velocity. At
the close of the meal a thundering double
knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" cried Belmont.

A low-browed man, in a great waistcoat
entered.

"Now, Mister Belmont," he exclaimed,
in a strong Irish accent, "are ye ready to
go to work? By the powers! if I don't
see ye as soon as the shop board to-morrow
I'll discharge ye without a character—and
ye shall starve on the top of that!"

"To-morrow morning, Mr. Malony," re-
plied Belmont meekly, "I will be at my post
again."

"And it will be mighty healthy for ye to
do the same," was the reply of Mr. Malony
as he retired.

"Belmont—speak—tell me—who is that
man—that loafer?"

"He is my employer," replied Belmont
smiling.

"And his profession?"

"He is a tailor."

"And you?"

"Am a journeyman tailor at your service—
a laborious and thankless calling it ever was
to me—but now dearest, as I drive the his-
sing goose across the smoking stove, I shall
think of my own angel and my dear cottage
and be happy."

That night Julia retired weeping to her
room in the attic.

"That 'ere counterpane," said the old
woman, "I worked with these here old hands.
Aint it putty? I hope ye'll sleep well here.
There's a broken pane of glass, but I've put
one of Frank's old hats in it, and I don't
think ye'll feel the draught. There used to
be a good many rats here, but I don't
think they'll trouble ye now, for Frank's
leg is a pizen of 'em."

Left alone, Julia threw herself into a chair,
and burst into a flood of tears. Even Bel-
mont had ceased to be attractive in her
eyes—the stern privations that surrounded
her banished all thoughts of love. The re-
alities of life had cured her in one day, of
all her Quixotic notions.

"Well, Julia, how do you like poverty and
love in a cottage?" asked Belmont, entering
in his bed room.

"Not so well, sir, as you seem to like that
borrowed suit," answered the bride, reddening
with vexation.

"Very well, you shall suffer it no longer.
My carriage awaits your orders at the door."

"Your carriage, indeed?"

"Yes, dearest, it waits for you, to bear
you to Belmont Hall, my lovely villa on the
Hudson."

"And your mother?"

"I have no mother, (alas!) The old wo-
man down stairs is an old servant of the fam-
ily."

"Then you have been deceiving me Frank
—how wicked!"

"It was all done with a good motive. You
were not born to endure a life of privation,
but to shine the ornament of an elegant and
refined circle. I hope you will not love me
the less when you learn that I am worth
nearly half a million—that's the melancholy
fact, and I can't help it."

"O, Frank!" cried the beautiful girl, and
hid her face in his bosom.

She presided with grace at the elegant
festivities of Belmont Hall, and seemed to
support her husband's wealth and luxurious
style of living with the greatest fortitude
and resignation, never complaining of her
comforts, nor murmuring a wish for living
in a cottage.

SAVING TIME.

A clergyman who had considerable of a
farm as was generally the case in our fore-
fathers' days, went out to see one of his la-
borers, who was plowing in the field, and
found him sitting upon the plow, resting his
feet.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good
plan for you to have a stubby here, and
be having a few bushes while the oxen are
resting?"

John with a countenance that might well
have become the clergyman himself, instan-
tly replied—

"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have
a swinging board in the pulpit, and when
they are singing to swing a little first?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his
heel, laughed heartily, and said no more
about stubby bushes.

Barnum's Elephants.

It appears that Barnum, the great King of
the Showmen, not satisfied with his numerous
other iron in the fire, Jenny Lind, the two
Museums, Tom Thumb, and several other
exhibitions, has gone into an extensive ar-
rangement to get up a caravan, which is to
comprise a sort of omnium gathrum, with
numerous other monstrosities, both human and
quadruped.

We find in a New York paper the follow-
ing announcement of the arrival of the ele-
phants for the concern:

The barque Ragetta, which arrived at N.
York last Sunday, brought a large and val-
uable freight of live animals from India,
consisting of Messrs. P. T. Barnum and Seth B.
Hoyes, intended for their great Museum
Caravan, the first exhibition of which is to
be given in Newark. The collection con-
sists of nine elephants, one being a calf not
yet a year old, together with six don
quadrupeds, a porcupine, the only one ever
brought here, a Birmese bull, and any quan-
tity of monkeys. A native chief of the Bir-
mese accompanies the animals.

For the Cadiz Sentinel.

At a very large and enthusiastic meeting
of the friends of Temperance held at Mr.
Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio, on the 1st
day of May, 1851, for the purpose of cele-
brating the introduction of the day, when the
giant young Ohio, the first born of the ordi-
nance of '87, should (by the act of the 12th
of March) stand forth in all her greatness,
freed from the reproach of sacrificing the
best interests of her citizens to the cupidity
of a few rascals, by throwing around them
the sanction of law, in the retailing of intox-
icating liquors as a beverage.

Prof. G. K. JENKINS was called to the
Chair, and J. W. CURRY was appointed Sec-
retary.

On motion, the Hon. P. Lewis, of Mr.
Pleasant, Rev. Heberling, of Martinsville,
T. T. Larkin, Esq., of Harrisville, W. E.
Carter, Esq., of Smithfield, and James Cary,
Esq., of Cadiz, were appointed a committee
to prepare a few resolutions expressive of
the views of the meeting.

During the absence of the committee, the
meeting was ably addressed by the Rev. Mr.
Shaw, of Western Virginia.

The committee having returned, they re-
ported the following resolutions; which hav-
ing been severally read and discussed, were
unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved 1st, That in the estimation of
this convention, the common use of spiritu-
ous or intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, is
injurious physically, mentally, and morally;
that the manufacture or retail thereof, ex-
cept for medicinal and mechanical purposes,
should be prohibited by such penal enact-
ments as would effectually banish its com-
mon and unnecessary use from the commu-
nity.

Resolved 2d, That no legislative body
has any right to legalize the retailing of in-
toxicating drinks, to be used as a beverage,
and that the Legislature of Ohio, in hereto-
fore authorizing our courts to grant taverns
and others the privilege (not the right) to re-
tail intoxicating liquors, transcended their
just powers of legislation, by the enactment
of a law, which has been in its effects evil,
and evil only—that the enactment was in
itself immoral, and ought to have been re-
pealed.

Resolved 3rd, That the thanks of the friends
of Temperance throughout the State, are
due to those members of the late general
assembly of the State of Ohio, who exerted
their influence for the total repeal of the li-
quor license, and the passage of the act (of
the 12th of March) to restrain the sales of
spiruous liquors.

Resolved 4th, That we hail the passage of
the above law as the harbinger of a brighter
day, and notwithstanding the enemies of our
cause may hurl defiance at the law, and rally
under the black flag of intemperance, while
its dark folds wave over the heads of the
devotees of men; and though like the
blood-stained pirate of the Caribbean sea
no cheer from their lips will ring over the
battle field, evincing confidence in the jus-
tice of their cause, yet still they will fight
steadfastly but despondently, nor cease their
efforts while the remotest chance of success
remains.

Resolved 5th, That it is the duty of all
the true friends of the cause of temperance
to see that the law be promptly and faith-
fully executed; and that we hereby pledge
ourselves that we will use our influence in
all proper ways to secure this object.

Resolved 6th, That we most affectionately
but earnestly call upon the church and all
her ministers to use their influence (in every
way sanctioned by law and christianity) to
bring this subject prominently before their
people, that they may be prepared to sustain
the law passed by the last general assembly
to restrain the liquor traffic, and in the event
of the adoption of the New Constitution, no
subsequent Legislature shall have the power
to legalize the liquor traffic in Ohio.

Resolved 7th, That we heartily rejoice al-
so in the opportunity now offered to the people
of the State of Ohio, to set the seal of con-
stitutional condemnation upon a system of
license for want, woe, misery and crime, more
deleterious to the public morals than the
sale of indulgences practiced in the dark
ages.

Resolved 8th, That the importance of this
opportunity demands the united, vigorous,
and untiring efforts of every friend of the
Temperance reformation, and that such a
stream of light should be poured upon the
public mind, as will render certain on the
17th of June, a glorious triumph, insuring on
that day a report in thun-
der of "No License."

Resolved 9th, That we earnestly recom-
mend the friends of temperance throughout
the State, to meet at as early a period as
practicable, in their respective townships,
and appoint efficient committees, whose duty
it shall be to prepare and furnish every leg-
al voter within their respective districts
with suitable ballots, and urge them on the
17th of June next, to deposit a vote against
permitting any future Legislature to license
the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Resolved 10th, That a county vigilance
committee (of five persons) be appointed,

who may adopt such means as they may
deem best calculated to arouse the public
mind, and secure the best interests of the
temperance movement.

Resolved 11th, That a committee of five
persons also be appointed to carry out the
objects of, as set forth in the 6th resolution.

Resolved 12th, That the proceedings of
this meeting, together with the accompany-
ing resolutions, be signed by the chairman
and secretary, and that all editors, friendly
to the cause, be respectfully requested to
invest a small fund in the savings fund bank
of humanity, by giving them an insertion in
their respective papers.

The exercises of the day were interspersed
with lively strains of music from the Mr.
Pleasant Temperance Band.

The following additional resolution, as a
tribute to the efforts of the Hon. P. Lewis
in the cause of temperance, in the Senate of
Ohio, was on motion, of Prof. G. K. Jenkins,
adopted by the meeting with great unanim-
ity.

Resolved, That we cordially tender to our
worthy Senator, P. Lewis, our warmest
thanks for his active and energetic exertions
in the Senate of Ohio, in the cause of tem-
perance generally, and in the passage of the
act of March 12th, in particular.

The business of the meeting having thus
been gone through with, at a late hour in
the afternoon the meeting adjourned, each
one feeling encouraged and strengthened by
the many good things seen and heard on this
first day of our Temperance Jubilee.

Signed on behalf of the meeting by,
G. K. JENKINS, President.
J. W. CURRY, Secretary.

How to do BUSINESS—Advertise.—He is
a shrewd man who advertises. This is pro-
verbial the world over; it is simply putting
your goods, wares, merits, plans, suggestions,
bargains, &c., into the eyes of the universal
public. Every body reads the papers now a
days. A good advertisement is like taking
every man and woman in society by the
vest, button-hole or arm, and privately whis-
pering to them important matters. Adver-
tise, then. Do it generously. Spend five
dollars and get twenty. Do it judiciously
and you are sure to make money by it.

How they get Elephants.

Barnum, as the newspaper world knows, is
about to establish a kind of peripatetic or lo-
comotive museum, including a menagerie of
wild animals, and immense collection of wax
figures. But what would a menagerie be with-
out a half dozen elephants, considering what
most people go to see, in a caravan, is the
elephant? He therefore sent Mr. S. B. J. of
Westchester county, in this State, to Asia,
in order to look up a good assortment of these
desirable animals. The following letter
gives result of the enterprise:

COLUMBIA, Ceylon, Dec. 30th, 1850.

The annoyances and delay which I have
encountered in carrying out the project, have
been numerous and formidable, but I believe
now all is in a successful train of opera-
tion. On arriving at Port de Galle, I left
Captain Pratt and hurried to Colombo, when
I advertised for elephants in the papers pub-
lished in that town, but the result did not
give me a very favorable idea of "the benef-
its of advertising," at least in this benighted
country.

Governor, private individuals, and
every one who had their demands for such
an extravagant price that I determined to
have nothing to do with any of them, but
start to the interior and hunt for them in their
wild state, feeling that any difficulties that I
should meet could be greater than those I
encountered in my Galle expedition.

With George Nutter, I immediately started
for Kandy, where we engaged a party
of natives to assist us, and took up our line
of march for that part of the Island where
the animals are found in the greatest num-
bers. An incessant rain accompanied us,
and did not add to the agreeableness of our
situation.

The details of our journey I need not
trouble you with, but I can tell you we
found traces of a drove, and at once set about
constructing ditches and fences for a pen,
which being finished and baited, we turned
our dusky fellow laborers loose, and they,
with the infernal din they managed to pro-
duce by the use of strong lungs and a vari-
ety of noisy instruments, in a few hours
frightened the whole herd into the enclosure.

The most of the animals were secured to
trees without difficulty, but one fine Bull,
much larger than either Columbus or Bol-
iver, gave us an infinite amount of trouble.
Indeed, it had not been for the presence
of a mad dog displayed by George Nutter, several
of the natives would have been killed in their
endeavors to lasso him. He had them com-
pletely in his power, when two or three ri-
dle balls from the opposite quarters served to
distract his attention for a moment, during
which time he was newly and more accu-
rately lashed, so as to be incapable of doing fur-
ther mischief. It was several days, how-
ever, before he was sufficiently subdued to be
loaded with safety. The result of this
expedition was fifteen fine elephants and a
wish to see. Dividing our force, I sent Nutter
further north in search of a few more of
the same sort, and I, with the natives that
remained with me, set out to Colombo and
P. Galle, taking our prizes with us.

The second day of our journey the big
fellow died from the effect of his wounds.
This I regretted deeply, as he was much
the largest elephant I had ever seen. The
night before reaching Kandy, three or four
of my mahouts left suddenly, taking with
them another of my elephants, but with the
remainder I safely reached Port Galle, and
the whole thirteen are now safely on board
the bark.

Origin of Negro Slavery.

The Pitts Gazette informs us that early